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The Sketch

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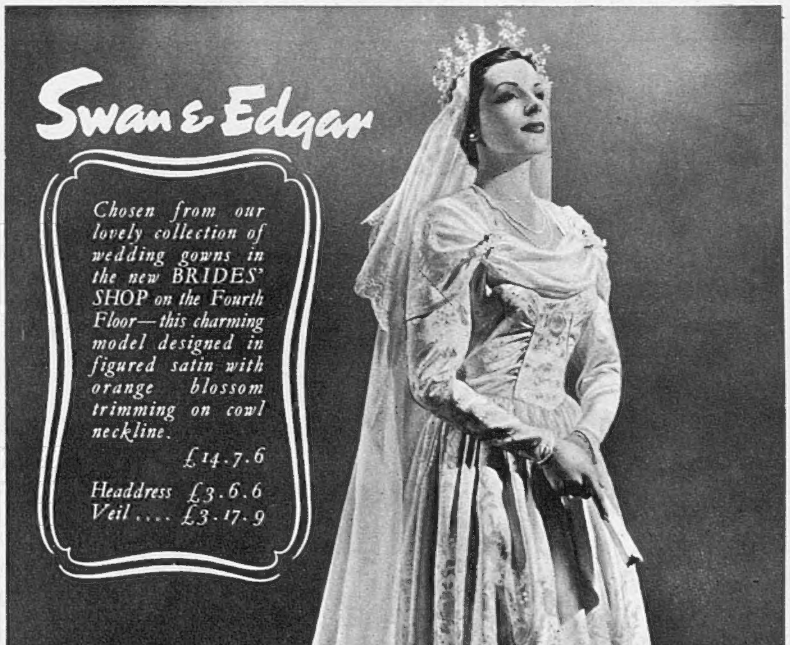

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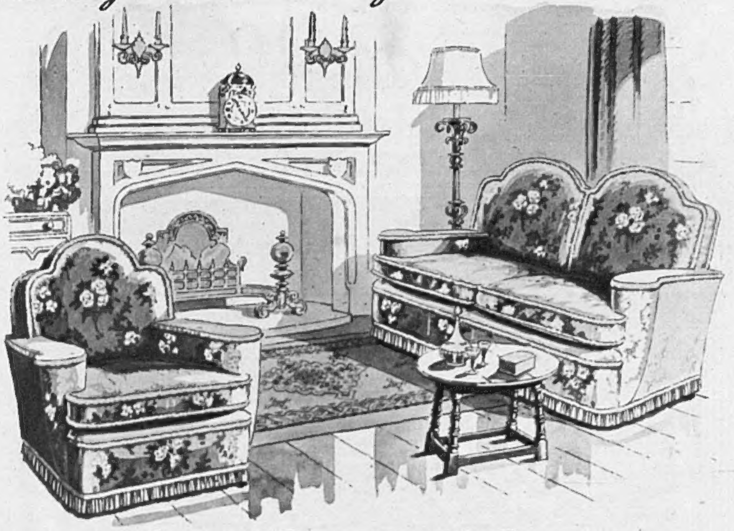

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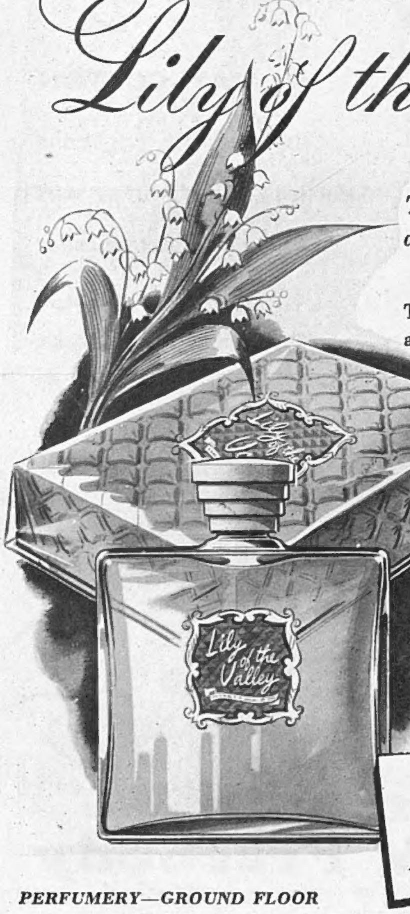

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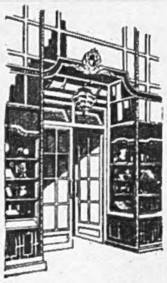

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1950

A LONDON DATE

FOLLOWING her appearance in the film *Your Witness* opposite Robert Montgomery, Patricia Wayne returns to the stage in a comedy, *Pommy*, due in London shortly. In this slice of Australian life she plays the strong-minded inheritor of a sheep-farm, with Ronald Howard her *deus ex machina*. [Photographed by ANTHONY BUCKLEY.]

The Sketch
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INSIDE INFORMATION

BEVERLEY BAXTER

C. A. LEJEUNE

J. C. TREWIN

STEPHEN WATTS

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

—TWITTERING TWENTIES—

—DUCAL DISPLEASURE—

Many happy returns to Princess Elizabeth—twenty-four last week—and congratulations on a happy event expected this summer. H.R.H. is seen in Malta during a visit to the 36th H.A.A. Regiment, R.A.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

GOSSIP columns in the daily Press are not what they used to be in the twittering 'twenties, when the Bright Young Things began the day with cocktails at the Embassy Club, and Lords were Lords. But I must confess that recently in the "Who, What, Why?" feature of the *Daily Mail* I came upon a paragraph which brought back, if only for a moment, the dear, dead days of yesteryear.

"WHO was the NEWSPAPER BARON who was rebuked last week-end at Leeds Castle by a DUKE for sulking after a dispute over the rules of CANASTA?"

Here was the perfect setting, an ancient and honourable castle, and here was a duke, with the full reponsibility of his exalted social position, expressing his ducal displeasure with a lord of Fleet Street. Not even Freddie Lonsdale, who sprinkles his plays with titled people, ever conceived a more complete and elegant situation.

Then I began to wonder as to the identity of the Press Baron. Was it LORD BEAVERBROOK? He is not much of a sulker, and would be much more apt to chuck the Canasta cards into the fireplace than mope in silence. But at any rate he had a double alibi. First, he does not play Canasta, and, secondly, he was in the South of France when the fragrant incident took place.

You might think it was LORD ROTHERMERE. He plays Gin Rummy, and Canasta is a natural progression from that exasperating pastime. But he, too, was in the South of France when the crime was committed.

LORD ASTOR qualifies as a newspaper peer, although it is unlikely that he has even heard of the game. At any rate, if anyone was going to rebuke him I imagine that Nancy would have claimed the right. Or, alternatively, as the lawyers say, she would have given the duke wot for not 'arf.

As the field is narrowing dangerously I shall pursue the subject no further. The identity of the Duke and the Press Baron must remain as one of the insoluble mysteries of all time, like the *Marie Celeste*, the Man in the Iron Mask, and what Mr. Baldwin would have said if his lips had not been sealed.

FREDDIE LONSDALE is in Town, and I suggest that he begins his next play with the Leeds Canasta episode, for the whole thing is in the true Lonsdale tradition. Other and lesser writers have frequently made a poor man denounce the squire, or a plain mister point out to a baronet that he is a skunk, but Lonsdale has always maintained that the higher the rank the greater the virtue. Which is a solemn thought.

Lonsdale has not an ounce of snobbery in his whole make-up, but he has a friendly, amused liking for lords, both in real life and on the stage. For one thing, you don't have to give a stage peer any other occupation than just being there, and Lonsdale is not only a gifted writer but an extremely lazy one. In fact, he hates writing, and can be lured from his desk on the slimmest pretext.

In one of his more recent plays the first act ended with young Lord Somebody, late at night, shooting the Honourable Somebody-Else, who was a cad and deserved it. The second act opened next morning with the family at breakfast discussing racing and other such subjects. After about twenty minutes, one of the house-party suggested that they ought to send for the police. After all, the bloke had been murdered and you could not ignore it altogether.

What happened was that after completing his first act Freddie went on a month's holiday. Returning refreshed, he started on the second act, and quite forgot the body in the house. Then he remembered, but could not be bothered re-writing the stuff. Thus it was written, thus it was played, and thus it was a success.

He is the most generous of friends, and the best of companions, for he pairs wistfulness with humour, which makes an irresistible combination.

THE American invasion will soon be on us, and the dollar aristocracy will be mixing with our "half-a-crown-a-time" Dukes. Therefore, in a desire to be of service, I would like to explain one or two of the pitfalls that lie in wait for the Transatlantic guest visiting here in the best circles.

No English hostess of good breeding ever introduces you to her guests. This is a compliment, for it is based on the assumption that you must be someone or you wouldn't be there, and as everyone else is someone you know each other as a matter of course.

If the lady on your right at dinner says that her husband is in the Brigade, it does not necessarily mean that he is a fireman. Equally, if she says that he is a sailor, do not at once assume that he goes to sea in a tanker, or that, if he is a soldier, he is perhaps a sentry outside Buckingham Palace. And if she asks you down to her cottage in the country for a week-end, don't be afraid to go. There 'll be room for you without causing her to sleep in the shed.

Which brings me to "Stinky." If after dinner a dowager with a deep baritone voice says: "Did you know that Stinky has broken his neck again?" do not be unduly alarmed, and above all do not think that she is using a disparaging epithet. First it means that the gentleman in question belongs to the hunting set. Secondly, it 's dollars to doughnuts that he is pretty high up in the Peerage. No Englishman of low position has ever been called Stinky.

What a nice American woman in a similar situation would say is: "Have you heard that my cousin, the Marquess of Bellyfeathers, has broken his neck again?" That would be courteous and explanatory, and would also raise the whole social tone of the conversation, but it isn't the way the English do things.

Probably the Marquess would hardly recognise himself if referred to by his proper name. When he went to Eton he was Lord Blenkinsop, because the real name of the Bellyfeathers is Blenkinsop, all except the head of the family. Don't ask me why. I 'm telling you.

At Eton he is at once reduced to "Stinky" Blenkinsop or some other sobriquet which his personality suggests to the jury of boys. And even when he becomes the Marquess of Bellyfeathers, his friends all refer to him as Stinky Blenkinsop.

AND while I am at it I must give one or two suggestions about what happens at a week-end house-party. This resolves itself into a contest which might be described as The Hostess *versus* The Rest. The hostess is determined to break things up at all costs, no matter how strong the resistance movement may be. Thus, if there is a first-class bridge four, she breaks it up by hauling out one of them and inserting a beginner who plays for threepence a hundred. In the meantime, the chap who was hauled out is put into a gin rummy game, which he has only played once before, and ruins both his partner and himself.

A cracking good tennis four is broken up to make room for a rabbit, and if by chance the original four finally get together again, they are summoned to tea. But it is at dinner that the hostess comes into her own. She puts a poet next to Lady Horse-Feathers of Bareback Hall, places a politician next to a woman who thinks that the *New Statesman* is a fellow who has been elected to Parliament for the first time, and seats the eligible bachelor alongside the mother of five stalwart sons.

Many years ago a cynic remarked that there never was a week-end house-party where, if in the morning the butler announced that her ladyship was not feeling well and would have to stay in bed, the spirits of the guests did not rise at once. I am sorry he said it. It is one of those truths that should be suppressed at source.

AS a writer, I am always willing to learn new methods, and I entirely commend the new system which is in vogue in the Press of using block capitals for the names of people in the current gossip columns. Undoubtedly it gives importance to the person mentioned and makes the reader feel that he is really getting something for his money.

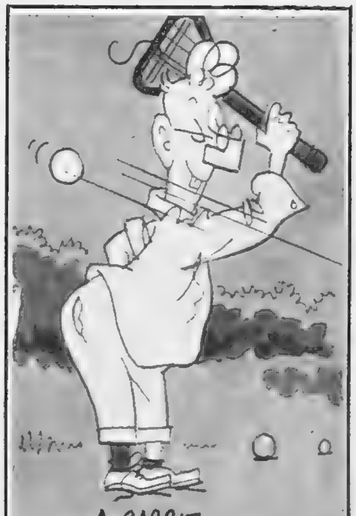
Therefore, in describing an interesting day in my life recently I propose to adopt the new style, which ought to give *Sketch-Book* a significance and impact that has been sadly lacking in the past.

Went to Westminster. MR. CHURCHILL was not there. Neither were MR. EDEN nor MR. ATTLEE. After a while MR. EDEN came in, but went out again. MR. CHURCHILL did not appear at all. Neither did MR. ATTLEE.

Dined at WHITE'S and thought I saw DUFF COOPER, but it was someone else. FREDDIE CRIPPS, who is a brother of SIR STAFFORD, is a member of WHITE'S. I looked for DICK STOKES, but he was not in the Club. ANTHONY HEAD told me that STOKES was probably giving someone the works. ANTHONY HEAD, of course, is a great wit, as you will see by this swift jest concerning DICK STOKES, who is MINISTER OF WORKS.

Well, how do you like it? I think it is terrific. Look how those names not only bring you into intimate contact with the great, but note how the page takes on a vigour, a significance, a climax which must make the Editor furious that he didn't think of it himself.

Beverley Baxter



—A RABBIT—

-NEXT TO LADY HORSE-FEATHERS-

-CHURCHILL WAS NOT THERE-

—TAKES ON A VIGOUR—

The road near Gilly, in the SAVOY ALPS. A delectable province. Ancient villages, snow-topped mountains, still lakes ; a pastoral way of life hardly changing with the centuries.

Between Vence and St. Paul-de-Vence, in the ALPES-MARITIMES. This hinterland, of the Côte d'Azur is almost unknown to the majority of visitors to the Riviera.

The River Sarthe, near Sablé. To the WEST AND SOUTH-WEST OF PARIS, taking in part of the Ile-de-France, of Normandy, of Touraine, is a district of peaceful rivers, rich farmlands, sleepy villages.

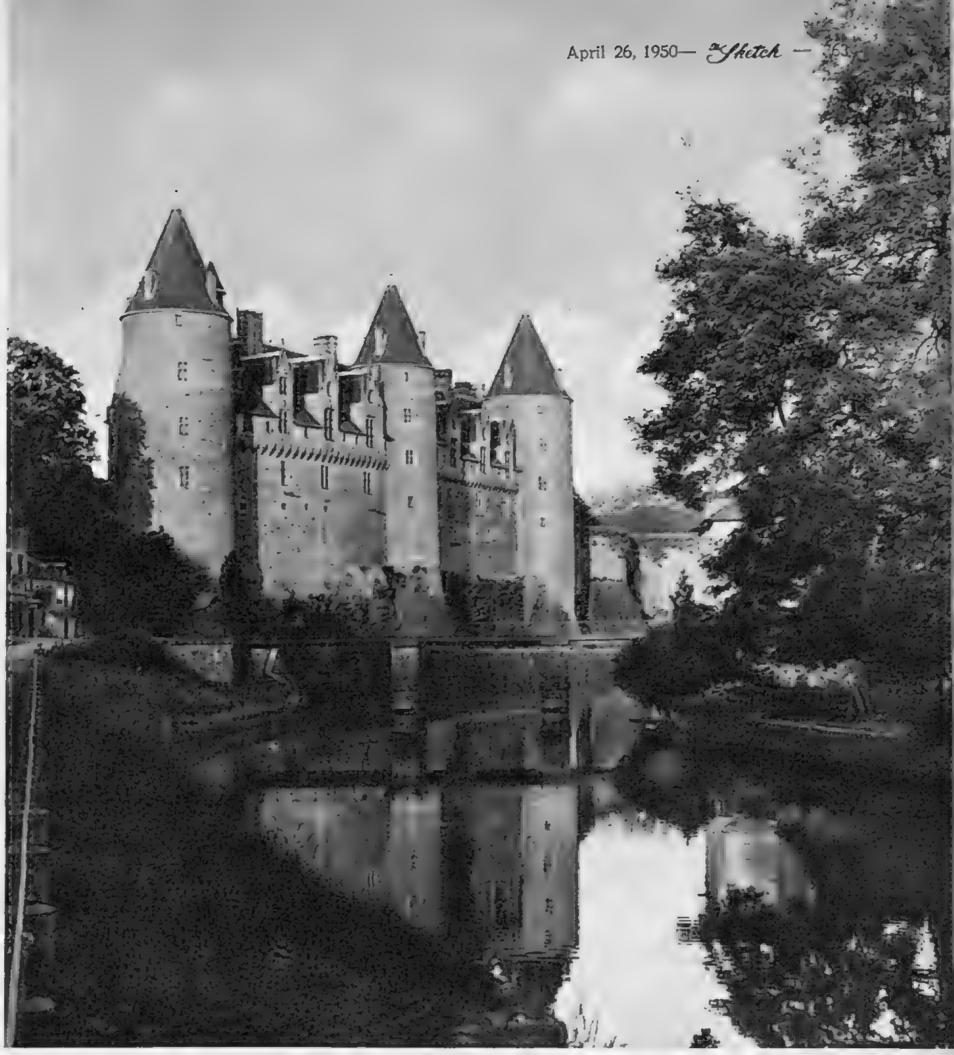
BREAK NEW GROUND FOR

ANYWHERE in France a holiday is enchanting, but for the thousands of visitors who prefer to leave the beaten track, get away from the crowds, the French Government has an excellent scheme to attract tourists of moderate means—that of the *Logis de France*. The owners of these *logis* all over France are helped by Government loan to modernise and repair their country hotels. In return they undertake to provide certain standards of comfort at reasonable prices for tourists. Cleanliness, adequate furnishings, a minimum of one bathroom to every seven bedrooms is insisted upon ; besides simple, ample and well-prepared food. Most of the *Logis de France* will be well away from the great tourist centres, appealing particularly to the motorist or cyclist who must

Photographs by courtesy of th

This *logis* is typical of the
over France, arranged for

Saint Flour, in CENTRAL FRANCE. Completely unspoiled country of mountains and valleys of enchantment; towns and villages of great antiquity.



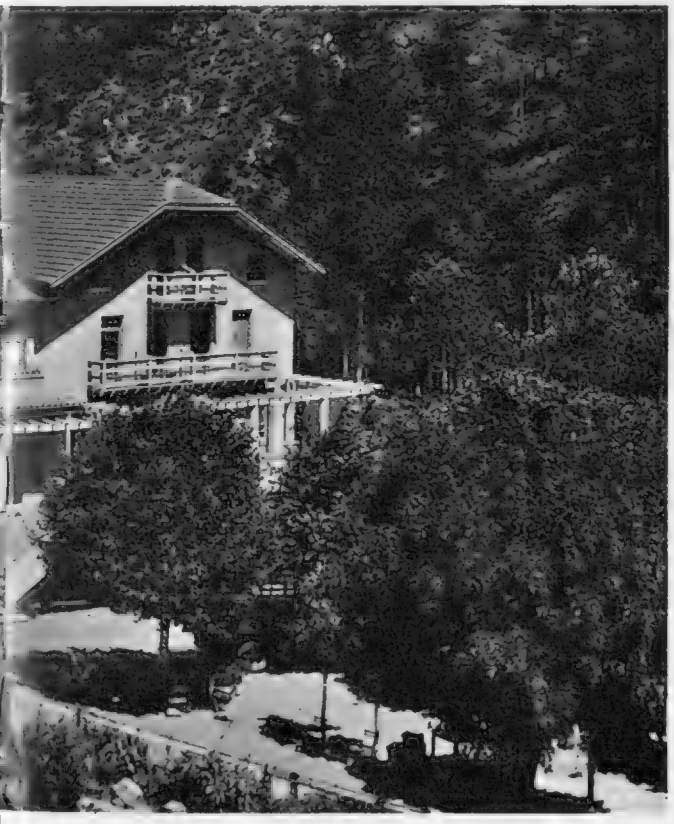
The Château de Rohan, Josselin, BRITTANY—perhaps the most individualistic of French provinces; mediæval castles; picturesque local ceremonies.

YOUR HOLIDAY IN FRANCE

budget carefully to get the best possible value for his basic allowance.

The French want to "spread the load" in time as well as geographically; prices are therefore arranged to induce the visitors to arrive before or after the summer peak—mid-July to mid-August. The average price is round about Fr. 800 a day, varying according to individual hotels. Few, off-season, rise as high as £1. Petrol, unrationed, is now in two grades, the ordinary averages 4s. 4d. a gallon; the higher octane spirit, *super-carburant*, about 6d. more, appealing especially to sports-car owners. These photographs are typical of some parts of France's countryside where *logis* are available under the subsidy scheme.

Commissariat Général au Tourisme, à Paris.



small countryside hotels all tourists at moderate cost.

Colmar (*Haut-Rhin*). The VOSGES MOUNTAINS and the PLAIN OF ALSACE are little visited by the British, in spite of their beauty and interesting architecture.

Candid Cameo

SIR GERALD KELLY, P.R.A.

By Stephen Watts

THE President of the Royal Academy is a man of many years and many words, both of which he uses to the best advantage. His years sit lightly on his person but not so lightly on his conversation. They sometimes serve as a weapon, but more often they provide a lively and impatient man with a device for taking avoiding action when boredom looms up. " I 'm too old to care about that," he will say, as he did, not long ago, when a nude he painted twenty years ago was suddenly removed from a provincial art gallery and described by a councillor as " an affront to womanhood." But because he is *au fond* a man of polite and kindly instincts, he added : " I'm sorry if I've hurt anybody's feelings."

Tedium is about the only thing Sir Gerald tends to sidestep. Generally he prefers to meet people and ideas head-on, and if the result is collision, he is more likely to be pleased than upset. He has consequently acquired in some quarters a reputation for brusqueness, which is justifiable, and even rudeness, which is a slander, unless modified by the Wilde aphorism that a gentleman is never unintentionally rude.

An eloquent man who obviously enjoys words and handles them with extempore distinction, Sir Gerald has a preference for the direct, vigorous statement, its conscious challenge revealed by the sharp glance (often a distinct twinkle) in the bright brown eyes behind thin-rimmed spectacles. The pattern of the ensuing conversation will be determined by the response to this opening. Knowing he can give as good as he is likely to get, he will only be disappointed by a soft answer. Interested, he is an excellent listener, but he can also be a ruthless interrupter ; a wilting topic is given a revivifying shot-in-the-arm or the final *coup* with skilled decisiveness.

Sir Gerald has been a successful painter for over forty years, but he is not inclined to linger on or over-venerate the past. " In decent circles," he likes to say, " I am more respected for my taste in claret than for my painting." In *Who 's Who* he lists first of his works the State portraits of the King and Queen, completed in 1945 after they had occupied a good deal of his time for seven years.

How great has been the influence upon him of his lifelong friend, Somerset Maugham (" the most intelligent man I know "), it is impossible to say, but there is no doubt of Sir Gerald's sense of story structure, as well as his fastidious deployment of an admirable vocabulary. Anecdote or reminiscence in his mouth has form and point. Ask him how he became a painter and he is liable to reply, " I had a very pretty sister . . ." thereby opening intriguingly a story which can be told here only in a capsulated form, which does it less than justice.

The young Kelly, son of the Vicar of Camberwell, wanted to be an actor. Meeting the great matinée idol Lewis Waller, he confessed his ambition. " You don't want to be an actor," said Waller, " you want to play Hamlet "—a shrewd diagnosis which delights the mature Kelly as much as it impressed the boy.

At Eton he fell ill, and with the " pretty sister " he was sent off to South Africa for the winter. The man with whom he shared a cabin cultivated the boy as an entrée to the society of the sought-after Miss Kelly. He professed to see great promise in the boy's sketches (" There was none—absolutely none at all," Sir Gerald says now), and they went on sketching excursions around Cape Town. In due course the strategic suitor proposed—and was turned down. " Whereupon," says Sir Gerald gloomily, " he lost all interest in the boy genius."

But some important seeds had been sown. For one thing, the faithless mentor had painted in the boy's mind a picture of the artist's life in Paris which nothing could dim. That was the place for him, he decided. There was considerable paternal opposition. Sir Gerald recalls his wise godfather riding down to Camberwell on horseback and warning him, among other dread predictions, that if he persisted in becoming a painter he would no longer be allowed to enter the houses of respectable people by the front door. A compromise was reached and he went up to Cambridge, but read nothing but lyric poetry.

Then in Paris, on a small allowance, he worked hard, and was often intensely discouraged by the results. A Canadian painter, James Wilson Morrice, whom he greatly admired, looked at his work one day, told him he was stale (which he knew) and advised a month's non-painting holiday in the country. As he was leaving the studio the Canadian noticed a canvas lying on the floor. Kelly said it was unfinished. His counsellor looked at it, told Kelly not to touch it further, and to send it in to the Salon. The picture, a portrait of an old lady, Mrs. Harrison, was hung—and Kelly was " discovered."

Sir Gerald still approves heartily of what he did next—ran away to the country and didn't paint for months. " I was a bit of a boy wonder," he says, " and I would have been encouraged to go on being wonderful."

To see the short, slight figure of Sir Gerald in London to-day—black hat, dark suit, Etonian tie, rolled umbrella—it would be easy to imagine behind him a lifetime of orderly, meticulous work in the studio of the big house in Gloucester Place which he inherited from his father. But, in fact, he lived for years in a more exotic atmosphere. Seville was more his home than London, and there is much of his work which reflects his travels in Burma and Cambodia, where he painted the Emperor's private corps de ballet.

Though it is impossible to imagine the P.R.A. being in two minds about whether or not he liked a picture, his views on art are much more tolerant than some out-of-context utterances might suggest. His definition of the function of the institution over which he presides is worth quoting verbatim : " The Royal Academy Galleries in Burlington House—get the name right—should be the free-for-all showground for all that is best in the production of works of art in England, of whatever complexion." He dislikes the word " academy " by itself because, he says, he doesn't know what it means.

Friendship is never confused in Sir Gerald's mind with consonance of opinions. He will say warmly how helpful " A " has been, how he likes and admires him—and how he disagrees with him about practically everything under the sun ; how " B " is a good fellow and very knowledgeable but his choice of favourite painters is beyond human comprehension. If the conversation turns on the National Gallery he will sigh that, alas, being P.R.A. does not help him in the least with his campaign to stop what he calls the " Nationalisation " of our pictures—a reference to his protracted controversy, in *The Times* and elsewhere, on the subject of cleaning Old Masters. Sir Gerald's firm view is that cleaning is all right, but over-cleaning is vandalism.

Not long ago he was dilating on a favourite theme, that it has been difficult for young English painters in the last thirty-five years to paint naturally because of the tendency to ape French fashions in art, when suddenly he produced a sentence which aptly represents his taste, his opinion, his erudition and his eloquence. " Instead of speaking the plain English of painting which is native to them," he said, " they lisp in various forms of French accent—and the English have always spoken French badly. You remember Chaucer : *And French she spake ful fayre and fetishly*
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bow.

" Roger Fry," Sir Gerald added incisively, " did an infinity of harm by telling everybody to imitate Cézanne."

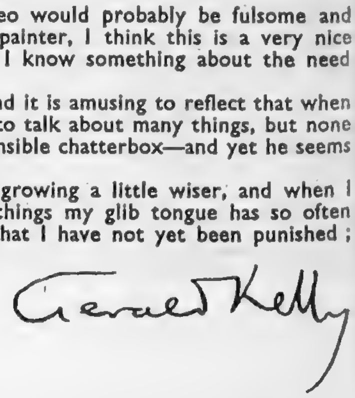
★

Who . . . Me?

I THOUGHT even a " Candid " Cameo would probably be fulsome and treacly but, speaking as a portrait painter, I think this is a very nice sketch, flattering, of course, but then, I know something about the need for that.

Technical skill always fascinates me, and it is amusing to reflect that when Mr. Watts came to see me we seemed to talk about many things, but none of them very seriously—I am an irresponsible chatterbox—and yet he seems to have got everything and got it right.

As one grows old, one cannot help growing a little wiser, and when I reflect on the injudicious and unwise things my glib tongue has so often produced it makes me uncomfortable that I have not yet been punished ; then here comes this confounded Candid Cameo which makes me think I am nicer than I am—or than my wife thinks me.



PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SIR GERALD KELLY

PRINCESS MARGARET

SOCIAL and public engagements continue to fill the Princess's days with interest and variety. Left: at Stratford-on-Avon with their Majesties to see a performance of *Henry VIII.*, the Princess wore a coat of grey silk, with an attractive Mercury bonnet in shiny black straw, its peaked brim lined with silver satin to match the crown between the two wings. On the right her Royal Highness, escorted by the best man, Mr. Robin Mure, left St. Margaret's, Westminster, after attending the wedding of Miss Philippa Dunne to Mr. Christopher C. C. Bridge. Fashion note: her coat of raspberry-pink has three-quarter-length sleeves, deep, turn-back cuffs; her matching hat has a cut-out crown with curling tulip brim. Her shoes: black patent leather pumps with large flower *motifs* on the toes.

DATE - BOOK
(Our Social Dairy)

APRIL 3.
(Left.) At Galleries of R. Soc. Watercolour Painters, the Courier Exhibition of Fine Art—spare-time work of journalists, etc. L. to r.: Mr. Norman Kark, Sir Philip Hendy, Mr. F. Butterfield.

APRIL 4.
(Right.) Chilean Embassy. Good-bye party given by the Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi to Señor Alfonso. L. to r.: the Duchess of Sutherland, the Hon. Mrs. W. Normand, Lord Dundonald.

COURIER EXHIBITION OF FINE ART.

PARTY AT THE CHILEAN EMBASSY.

APRIL 10.
Midhurst, Easter Monday. The Cowdray Hunt point-to-point. The heavens streamed, an icy wind blasted the skin, but all the rain and hail couldn't damp the spirits. A good field for the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' race included (picture left) Miss J. Payne, who rode Mr. G. Morgan's Texas, and . . .
(Right.) Miss A. Prior, who, seen with Mr. R. Wallace, rode her own mare Grey Vixen. The winner was Miss A. Covell on Mr. H. L. Ireland's Glen Boy (Chiddingfold and Leconfield). Lord Cowdray handed the Cowdray huntsman, Tom Pember, a gift from the Hunt on his retirement, which takes place at the end of the season.

COWDRAY HUNT POINT-TO-POINT.

APRIL 10.
At Huntsmoor Park, the Iver (Bucks) Children's Horse Show and Gymkhana attracted a big crowd of local very-youngs. In this picture happy little boy Prince Michael of Kent is seen receiving his rosette from Miss Mary Colvin, one of the judges, for his prowess. He won second prize in the Class II. event, for riding ponies exceeding 12.2 hands, but not exceeding 13.2 hands, ridden by children born in or after 1934. The Prince, born in 1942, is eight years old now, and as keen as mustard; so is his sister, Princess Alexandra, who was also competing, and looks very well on horseback.

CHILDREN'S HORSE SHOW, IVER, BUCKS.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-

PRIVATE VIEW AT THE R.B.A.

PERTH DRAG HUNT BALL.

APRIL 11.
(Left.) Mr. John Copley, President, Miss Vivien Leigh (Lady Olivier) and Vice-President Mr. Hesketh Hubbard were at the opening of the Royal Society of British Artists' Summer Exhibition.

APRIL 12.
(Right.) After successful season, Perth Drag Hunt held ball at Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire. Over 200 guests present. In picture: Major Jardine Paterson, Miss Margaret Buchanan.

WEDDING OF LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.

APRIL 12.
In the private chapel of Welbeck Abbey, Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, married Prince Gaetano Parente, eldest son of the late Marchese Enrico Parente and Marchesa Maria Parente Imperiali. The bride was given away by her father. Picture left shows the best man the Marchese Imperiali di Francavilla, the groom and bride, the Duke and Duchess of Portland and Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, their elder daughter. Picture on the right was taken during the wedding reception at Welbeck Abbey, which was attended by many guests, including the Duke's tenants and local villagers.

NEW FOREST HUNT BALL.

WEST KENT PONY CLUB HUNTER TRIALS.

APRIL 12.
(Left.) The New Forest Hunt held a most successful annual ball at Rhinefield, Brockenhurst, lent by Major and Mrs. Walker-Munro. In the snapshot: Lady Crofton, Miss Ann Ferguson, Mrs. Walker-Munro, Mrs. G. Ferguson sitting round the fireplace in the lounge.

APRIL 13.
(Right.) Déjeuner sur l'herbe for two young competitors at the West Kent Hunt branch of Pony Club Hunter Trials, near Kemsing—Antonia and Virginia Powell Edwards. Antonia competed in Novice Class on Squirrel; Virginia in Junior Pony Class on Welsh Flyer. Heartening to M.F.H.s to see such keenness on part of our youth in the saddle.

BOOK

APRIL 15.
Married at St. Andrew's, Great Ryburgh, Norfolk, Lieut. L. D. Temple-Richards, R.N., son of Brigadier and Mrs. H. Temple-Richards, of Hindringham Hall, Fakenham, Norfolk, and Miss Geraldine B. Cook, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Thomas and Lady Cook, of Sennowe Park, Guist, Norfolk, seen right with Lord Hastings, who proposed the couple's health.

TEMPLE-RICHARDS—COOK WEDDING.

APRIL 15.
At the Crawley and Horsham point-to-point meeting, held at Littleworth, Partridge Green, Sussex. Picture shows the field in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race, won by No. 4, Mrs. L. A. Colville, on her bay gelding Billy D, seen in the left foreground. She hunts with the Old Surrey and Burstow. Miss J. Anderson, on her chestnut gelding Twelve Bens, was placed second; Miss S. Dickson, riding Mr. R. E. Myram's July VII., was third; and Miss Myram, on Churchill II., came in fourth.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM POINT-TO-POINT.

APRIL 19.
Princess Margaret (see another page) was present at St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the marriage of Miss Philippa Dunne, daughter of Captain R. R. Dunne, ex-M.P., of Gatley Park, Leominster, Herefordshire, and of Mrs. Margaret Dunne, of Chadshunt, Kineton, Warwickshire, to Mr. Christopher C. C. Bridge, son of Brigadier and Mrs. C. E. D. Bridge, of Elmenteita, Kenya. The bride's heavy ivory slipper satin gown was elegant and becoming, and she carried a posy of pink and white roses. Three pages, Michael Faber, and Rupert and Richard Hambro, and three little bridesmaids, Cecilia and Claire Darby, and Susan Weatherby, attended her. Mr. Robin Mure was best man. A concourse of society and fashion present at their Savoy reception included (right) Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of the American Ambassador.

BRIDGE—DUNNE WEDDING.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-BOOK
(Abroad)

MONTE CARLO TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

APRIL 5-12.

Monte Carlo. *World champions from 17 countries competed among the 100-odd players in the Easter Tennis Tournament at the Country Club. Surprise result in women's singles was the elimination of America's "Gussie" Moran (lace panties) by Mrs. Walker-Smith (G.B.) for the Prince J. L. de Faucigny-Lucinge Cup ; they 're shaking hands in picture on right. Left : the watching side ; Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key, with (centre) the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes.*

GENERAL FRANCO'S DAUGHTER MARRIED.

LADY MOUNTBATTEN AND AN INDIAN POLO TEAM.

APRIL 10.

Madrid. (Left.) *In scenes of splendour, profusion of flowers, magnificent French tapestries, 800 guests, including foreign diplomats, Spanish grandees, present at the marriage of General Franco's daughter, Sta. Carmen Franco, to the Marques de Villaverde, at parish church of El Pardo. With the pair are General Franco and the groom's mother, the Condesa de Argillo. Ceremony conducted by Mgr. Pla y Deniel, Primate of Spain. Wedding breakfast in Palace of El Pardo ; honeymoon on Gen. Franco's yacht, Azor.*

APRIL 11.

New Delhi. (Right.) *Snapshot arrives of Lady Mountbatten shaking hands with Indian team which beat Argentina in exhibition polo match. Team includes the Maharajah of Jaipur, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, Capt. Bijay Singh, Maharajah Prithi Singh.*

MONACO CELEBRATIONS FOR PRINCE RAINIER.

APRIL 11.

Monaco. *Celebrations attending accession of Prince Rainier III. of Monaco included High Mass at Monaco Cathedral ; l. to r., in front row, are : the Duc de Nemours, Princesse Antoinette, Princesse Charlotte, mother of Prince Rainier ; Prince Rainier III., and Prince Pierre. During ceremony in the Palace Square carabiniers changed the Colour of the late Prince Louis to that of Rainier. Monte Carlo decked out with flowers and flags ; special performances by the Marquis de Cuevas' Monte Carlo Ballet ; yacht regatta ; brilliant social events at the "Sporting," and the Café de Paris ; the Bar du Soleil on Casino terrace crowded from a.m. to p.m. To say nothing of dancing in the Night Club ; heavy play at roulette and baccarat at the Casino.*

CLAIRE BLOOM

. . . has her most important rôle to date as Isabelle, a ballet dancer, in Christopher Fry's *Ring Round the Moon* at the Globe. She first attracted the critics' notice in another Peter Brook production—*Hamlet*, in the 1948 season at Stratford-upon-Avon, when she was eighteen. Claire has made over fifty broadcasts ; appeared in the film *The Blind Goddess* ; and made her first London appearance in Fry's successful verse play, *The Lady's Not for Burning*. [Photographed by PERCY KESSEL.]

BLENHEIM PALACE IS REOPENED TO THE PUBLIC

DURING the war Blenheim was occupied by the War Office. This year it was reconditioned, and the Duke of Marlborough, forced by high taxation and costly upkeep, reopened it to the public on April 1. A busy week-end for the Duke and his family, for they acted as guides to the 650 visitors. Built 240 years ago, designed by Sir John Vanbrugh, the Palace was conceived and planned in 1705 by Queen Anne as the Crown's gift to John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, towards which, however, he himself had to pay a considerable sum. Not least interesting to visitors is the modest room in which his descendant, Mr. Winston Churchill, was born.

A splendid example of late Italian Renaissance work, Blenheim Palace is one of England's biggest and stateliest homes.

The beautiful formal gardens laid out by the famous landscape gardener of the period, "Capability" Brown, are worthy of the fine building.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough watched visitors arrive on the opening day.

The Red Drawing-room is one of Blenheim's finest apartments. Family portraits include, left, Sargent's group showing the ninth Duke and Duchess with their sons—the present Duke and Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill. Elsewhere are paintings by Van Dyck, Mytens and other masters.

Another room which the public will see is the Second State Room with its rich furnishings, tapestries, paintings and decorations. The splendid tapestry in the corner represents the Siege of Bouchain (1711), and will be well remembered as one of the happiest of Mr. Winston Churchill's subjects in the Royal Academy of 1948. He called it "Blenheim Tapestries."

Specially painted for "The Sketch" by Martin Battersby.

Calling all Bees

YOLANDE DONLAN, by SIR V

THIS portrait of herself is regarded by Miss Dor
back to America with her. Readers will rem
Born Yesterday at the Garrick ; her later rôle in No
she will be back in Lo

WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, R.A.

onlan as her most prized possession. She took it member her incomparable doll-like performance in Joel Langley's *Cage Me a Peacock*. And it is hoped London again this year.

David Wright

WRIGHT AGAIN

LITERATURE.—Richard Aldington: For his finely perceptive biography of D. H. Lawrence—*Portrait of a Genius, but . . .*

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

STAGE.—Jane Baxter: For the unstrained freshness of her performance in *The Holly and the Ivy*—one of the best domestic plays for a long time—at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

J. C. Trewin

SCREEN.—Edward Underdown, a newcomer to British films, who gives a bone-honest and curiously sensitive performance as the English Guards officer in *They Were Not Divided.*

C. A. Lejeune

RADIO.—Basil Douglas: For "Music in Miniature," the B.B.C.'s most successful plot for luring a mass audience towards serious music.

Frederick Laws

THE THEATRE

"THE HOLLY AND THE IVY." It is a long time since I remember being so impressed by the truth of a scene as I was during the first act of Wynyard Browne's play at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. The place is a Norfolk vicarage, the occasion a family gathering on Christmas Eve. From the start one knows that the family is a unity, all of a piece; that it is not a huddle of ill-assorted types tossed together for stage effect. It is clear, too, that this is not a stage set merely; the various doors do lead to study, dining-room, and hall; if we go from the house we must emerge not into a littered street outside the Lyric, but into the quiet spaces of a small Norfolk town. Any dramatist who can achieve this effect so surely begins with half the field won, and Wynyard Browne goes on to complete his conquest. The play has only a limited run at Hammersmith; but it is so much better than West End arrivals during the same fortnight that I am speaking of it first in the hope that Central London will soon have a chance to applaud for itself.

The play lacks the deadlier theatrical devices. Mr. Browne makes no effort to stun us with a cosh. It is the clear, ungarnished statement that is so moving. A vicar's family has grown up in the belief that a clergyman must not be worried; that he is meant for wrapping in cotton-wool. Sharper truths must be concealed. Life with Father here means keeping it from father, and at this Christmas season he does not realise immediately what matters are agitating the household. In an apparently untheatrical, but actually most dramatic, series of scenes—written and acted with a quiet realism—the vicar and his children reach an understanding. There is nothing glutinous, no sugary contrivance; the piece preserves to the end the truth with which it opens. I am well aware that to some *The Holly and the Ivy* may seem tame. It is not for all markets; but if the first act and the easy run of the dialogue persuade you, there can be no release. At Hammersmith a fine play has the acting it needs—by Herbert Lomas, staunch and endearing; by Jane Baxter, whose stay-at-home daughter has an April freshness; by Daphne Arthur, subtly on edge as her nerve-fretted sister; by Bryan Forbes, whose young man could have been a jerky puppet, but who is as natural as his sisters; and by Margaret Halstan and Maureen Delany as a nicely-contrasted pair of aunts, one just a little too accommodating and the other certainly too forthright.

"HENRY THE EIGHTH." The long pageant-chronicle, with its theme of the transience of fame ("See how soon this mightiness meets misery") is uncommonly awkward to keep moving in the theatre. Every now and then we feel that Shakespeare and Fletcher, finding it hard work, have to seek anxiously for revived inspiration. There are great things in the piece; but it has also some linking passages which need a producer of Tyrone Guthrie's endless guile and wit. Guthrie, at Stratford-upon-Avon,

"HENRY VIII."—Anthony Quayle as the King, Andrew Cruickshank as Wolsey, and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Katharine, in Tyrone Guthrie's production at Stratford-upon-Avon.

By J. C. Trewin

has been so anxious to avoid tedium that at times he has overplayed his hand in the invention of "business." But it remains a superb revival. (This year, wisely, Guthrie has allowed Cranmer to deliver his final address unpunctured by a stabbing sneeze from one of the listeners.) Anthony Quayle is again exactly right as a stumpy, barking Henry, desperately anxious to assure himself that what he does must be true and honourable. We have a new and triumphant Katharine (Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies)—can the death at Kimbolton have been more affecting?—a new and less happy Wolsey (Andrew Cruickshank does not tower as Wolsey should), the radiance of Barbara Jefford's Anne, and our old friend from last summer, George Rose's First Gentleman, a capering, toothy, man-about-town who will be sadly missed from any other version of the play. Here, at least, is no hint of the Prologue's "things . . . that bear a weighty and a serious brow." Tanya Moiseiwitsch's many-levelled permanent set serves the piece splendidly, and it is an education to see how Guthrie makes use of it, keeping it always alive and coloured, and always bridging that awkward Stratford gap.

"THE MAN WITH THE UMBRELLA."

At this point I can repeat a quotation and say "How soon this mightiness meets misery." Mightiness at Stratford; misery for much of the evening at the Duchess—though I have to acknowledge that the house received the play well and gave a cheerful welcome to its cheerful author, Louis Ducreux. (The English adaptation is by Roma June.) If you can get into the spirit of the piece at once, all (I presume) is well. If you do not; if you are exasperated, rather than attracted, by the mechanics of the business, its apparatus of puppet-master and puppets, then the evening is likely to be a dead loss. Charles Goldner, if anyone, could make us accept the coy and informative fellow who takes possession of a little French girl for one year on the understanding that, given implicit obedience, he will see at the end of that time that she is free, rich and happy. But we tire very soon of the Svengali-Higgins business and the self-conscious make-believe; the plot flicks from whimsy into melodrama; and some of us are left enquiring what the fuss has been about: why a plain tale could not have been told plainly—if, that is, it had to be told at all. Charles Goldner works with much energy and charm; and that clever player, Sheila Burrell, does, I think, as well as any actress could do with the doll who is thrust about from pillar to post, and who is surrounded by quite the most unsatisfactory circle of men I have seen in any recent play (*The Platinum Set* included).

NOT for Broadway: Owing to her radio and TV commitments, Miss Dorothy Gordon—subject of our front page on April 12—tells us she has decided to stay on in London, and will not be going on tour or to America with the cast of *Black Chiffon*.

"THE MAN WITH THE UMBRELLA."—Sheila Burrell, Charles Goldner, and Marne Maitland, in the Svengali-Higgins-inspired play by Louis Ducreux at the Duchess Theatre.

SHOWS IN BRIEF

DOUGLAS LEACH, DIANA CUMMINS, NANCY PRICE, DOROTHY DARKE, ROBERT BROWNE.

"THE ORANGE ORCHARD" (New Lindsey).—Eden Phillpotts, in his late eighties, is still in Devon, and he has Nancy Price to help him as adaptor and principal actress of an inventive folk comedy.

HUGH WILLIAMS, BRENDA BRUCE, JACK WATLING.

"THE GREEN BAY TREE" (Playhouse).—In this revival of Mordaunt Shairp's strange piece, Hugh Williams, who was the young man in the original production, has now succeeded the late Frank Vosper in the other leading part of the dubious Mr. Dulcimer.

ABRAHAM SOFAER, LARRY BURNS, PATRICIA BURKE, RICHARD LONGMAN.

"TRILBY" (Bedford).—Re-enter Svengali. Abraham Sofaer and Patricia Burke bring a famous show-piece to Camden Town.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

INGVAR ANDERSSON, for flirting with death to win a career.

THE ambition of Ingvar Andersson, a twenty-seven-year-old Swede from Sollerted, has always been to become a circus artist. Having failed to break into circus life, he planned this stunt to draw attention to his acrobatic skill. Balancing on a telephone cable over a precipice drew a large crowd, and now his hopes for the future are reported to be considerably brighter.

LUCIE VALNOR, for aspiring to match Sarah Bernhardt.

A LITTLE eleven-year-old French girl, Lucie Valnor, is already acclaimed the youngest female tragedienne of all time. She is presenting a show in Paris, which includes theatre, poetry, dance and film. Above, Lucie in the costume of the young Napoleon, a part she plays in Edmond Rostand's L'Aiglon, in Paris now. She has been referred to as a future Sarah Bernhardt.

SCOUT KENNETH GOODING, for collecting a bob for a job which many of Danny Kaye's fans would have paid to do.

BOY SCOUTS throughout the country, eager to bridge the sterling gap in their movement's finances, co-operated in a "Bob-a-Job" week. Lucky Kenneth, who comes from the 4th Holborn Troop, was commissioned by Danny Kaye, the idol of millions, to do some shoe-shining, and it looks as if Danny had a good bob's worth. Gooding, incidentally, got away with a perfectly good autograph—on the official card which all "Bob-a-Job" employers are asked to sign.

CAPT. HARVEY, for his epic flight in a crippled plane.

THE cool skill of Capt. Ian Harvey, 27-year-old B.E.A. pilot of a twin-engined Viking, saved the lives of its 31 occupants. After an explosion in the tail of the 'plane while flying to France, Capt. Harvey manœuvred the aircraft slowly round and headed back to Northolt, where, on his third attempt, he made a perfect landing. In the fuselage near the tail were huge jagged holes, caused, it is now believed, by sabotage.

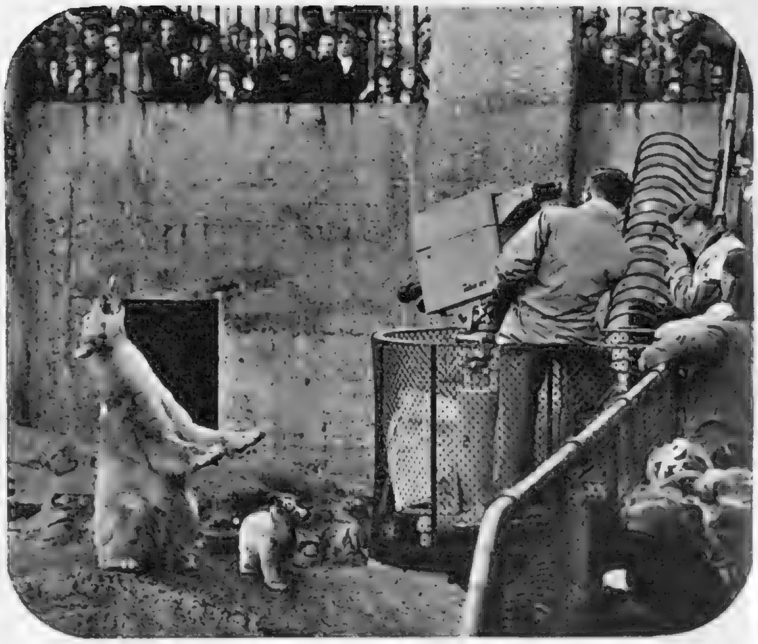
. . . AND WE APPLAUD

LES COMPAGNONS DE LA CHANSON,

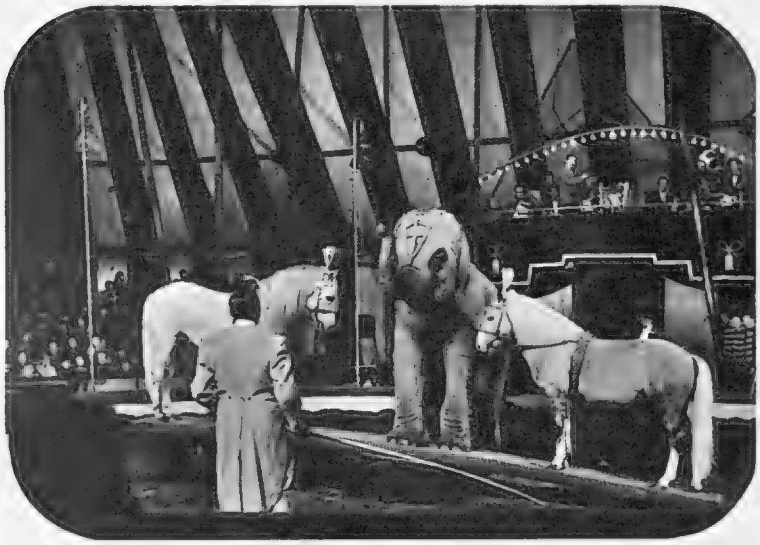
for making a resounding hit in more ways than one.

IN the London Casino's *Latin Quarter*, 1950, the *Compagnons de la Chanson* win thundering applause by their artistry, whether in sad songs, mime or parody. Their history is interesting, for they got together in France during the war, while marking time before the underground movement—in which they were all involved—got under way. After the war they went into theatre business, and everywhere, in America, France, England, these nine Frenchmen enchant their listeners. Their names : Jean-Louis Jaubert, Jean Albert, Gui Bourguignon, Jo Frachon, Fred Mella, Paul Buissonneau, Gerrard Sabbat, Henri Lamcelot, Marc Herrand.

The first sermon ever televised by the B.B.C. was heard on Easter Day. The service, from the Chapel of the Tower of London, was attended by Officers and Yeoman Warders in ceremonial State dress. Cameras showed official procession from King's House across Tower Green.



Brumas, everybody's "pin-up" bear, was the star turn of the London Zoo programme recently. While Mother *Ivy* caught tit-bits, young *Brumas* performed cub frolics to the delight of local gazers and TV viewers alike.



Billy Smart's "Big Top" at Ilford paid a second visit to TV screens on Easter Monday. Viewers saw part of the programme as well as a glimpse of the circus from the performer's point of view. Wynford Vaughan Thomas and Barrie Edgar introduced the artists and chatted to them.

Ballet of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris performed four items, each the work of Serge Lifar, one of the most productive and provocative of modern choreographers. Above, 17-year-old Lyane Dayde as "The Soul" embraced by J. B. Lemoine dancing "Good Spirit" in *Passion*.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

LOOKING through some past issues of *The Sketch*, some time ago, we were particularly struck by what our predecessor Alan Mel——, begging your pardon, Robert Dane, had to say about the probable future attitude of playwrights toward television. He was discussing the opening of the Sutton Coldfield transmitting station, last December. Others are due to follow within the next few years, until the entire British Isles are covered. The viewing public will increase to vast proportions and an author will find that his play, in one performance, is acted to an audience that, numerically, would represent many months of packed houses in a theatre. For this, at present rates, he would be lucky to receive even £100 as a performing fee, whereas, from a successful West End production, his royalties would top that amount very handsomely for every week of the play's run—to say nothing of the considerable income derived from subsequent tours, film rights, repertory rights and amateur rights.

In that case, is the playwright going to answer the call that is going out from every quarter: that television needs authors who will write plays specially for this medium? Like all craftsmen, surely he is entitled to consider that his hire should be worthy of him? Ideas and plots are hard to come by, and a good television play is even more difficult to write than a good any other kind of play.

However, occasionally a work of this kind gets written—and, even more occasionally, gets produced at Alexandra Palace. Some offerings have not justified the experiment, others have shown the dramatist what an exciting new field is waiting for him, once he has been financially wooed and won.

IN the latter class we are glad to be able to include Michael Barry's *Promise of To-morrow*, which, unless we are very much mistaken, gave us a pointer to the shape future television plays will take. Mr. Barry happens to be one of the senior producers at A.P., so if anyone should have a thorough knowledge of the medium it is he. He has also had a wide experience in the theatre and the cinema, so he was on sure ground when he took this mysterious world as a basis for his play.

Promise of To-morrow is a documentary, rather than a dramatic, work, dealing with the hard road which stage-struck young hopefuls

Gordon Harker played his original stage rôle of Joe Harris, the Insurance Man, in Frank Harvey's comedy, *The Poltergeist*. The play was produced by Ian Atkins.

Gracie Fields made her first TV appearance as Star Guest in "Lucky Dip," a new series with Duggie Wakefield (left) and Archie Glen (centre), who face the camera in a 1900 bathing scene.

have to travel. It has none of the clear-cut beginning-middle-and-end division of the standard play, but progresses in a series of short episodes, each in a different setting and introducing some thirty or so characters. All this involved a highly complicated juggling with practically every trick known to television production, including the use of film sequences and pre-recorded voices on gramophone discs.

Whether the result would have been as happy in the hands of anyone less able than Mr. Barry, we shall probably never know, but as it happened it was a producer's triumph. But he was careful to enlist a first-rate cast of players, to whom must go an equal share of the credit. Jill Balcon, as Anne Harlow, whose career we follow from grubby assistant stage-manager to successful producer at the Edinburgh Festival, gave a superb performance, especially in the way she conveyed the transition of those difficult ten years from adolescence to maturity, without change of make-up. Opposite her, Marius Goring painted a sensitive picture of a crippled poet who longs to write verse dramas but has to produce trashy plays for dingy provincial repertory companies in order to make a living. And we must not omit to mention that fine actor Alan Wheatley in the part of a precious—but oh! so successful—theatrical dilettante, whose sex-life gets rather tangled up with Scriabin!

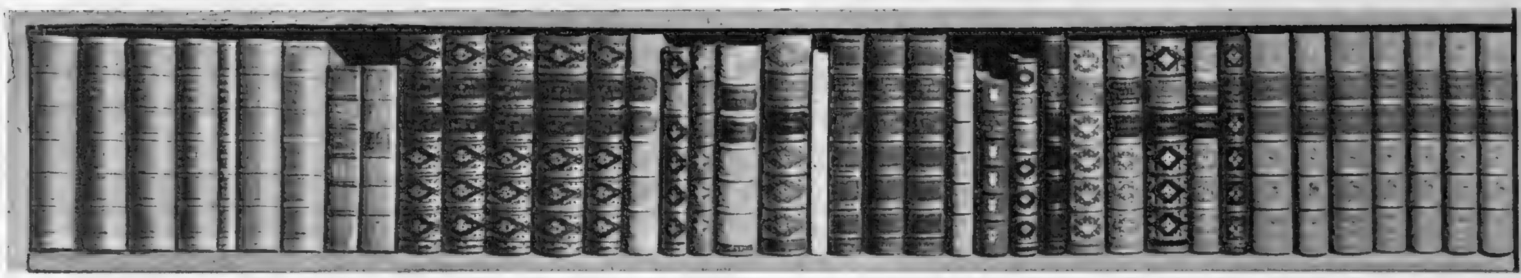
MEANWHILE, adaptations from stage shows necessarily continue. Leaving drama for a moment, we had quite an enjoyable evening with Jack Hulbert and Bobby Howes in *Here Come the Boys*. Any dirty cracks we might have been tempted to make about the title were neatly circumvented in the opening scene, where the two stars were brutally frank about each other's antiquity. It was all great fun, but we must mention two points that irritated us. Firstly the sound engineers were caught napping too often, with the result that the artists were left mouthing words we could not hear. Secondly, will someone please put a fresh coat of paint on the miniature piano at Ally Pally? The present one shows every sign of rough handling.

On the other hand, sensitive handling was the keynote of Douglas Allen's production of John Masefield's beautiful verse play *Good Friday*, which was given on that evening. Here full reverence was shown to the world's greatest story, without a trace of mawkishness, a touch of stylisation without losing its deathless reality. An "Alpha" to James Bould for a well-contrived, composite setting, which gave us a considerable feeling of space and yet—with a single movement of the camera—was equally effective as a background for intimate scenes. Of the performers we would single out Clement McCallin as Pilate, torn between duty and inner convictions; also John Byron, as the "Madman," from whose lips Masefield's verse wove an hypnotic web.

Back to variety now, with a new fortnightly series called "Lucky Dip." Perhaps we should hold our horses before finally making up our minds about it, because the first programme started with the unfair advantage of having Our Gracie in it. One's nostalgia was rather disappointed, though. We had hoped to hear her sing more than she did. Instead, she occupied herself chiefly with clowning—including an hilarious item where she wore the most unbecoming of old-fashioned bathing dresses. Which, incidentally, must have been the inspiration for the design of the costumes the poor dancing girls were given to wear in the newly revived "Kaleidoscope." It seems silly to find six really pretty blondes and then deck them out in shoddy reach-me-downs. For the rest, the programme was the usual mélange of sense and nonsense (Richard Hearne, thank heaven, is back again), and, as usual, overloaded by Ronnie Waldman's Puzzle Corner. We don't want that item cut, but rather that it should form a programme of its own.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.

Michael Barry, who wrote *Promise of To-morrow* specially for television, thereby showing dramatists a glimpse of new worlds to conquer. Also for a brilliant production of the play, using the combined techniques of the theatre, cinema, and radio.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE QUIET LIGHT.

By Louis de Wohl. (*Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)

MR. DE WOHL has attempted the impossible. Surely there is nothing in literature to be done about the life-story of a Saint except to tell it. He has written a novel in which St. Thomas Aquinas, about whom Chesterton wrote so brilliantly, is made a character. This means that either the Saint must dominate the whole book and the story be incidental, or else become a minor figure if the rest of the theme is strong enough to make him so. Mr. de Wohl does not seem able to make up his mind between the two. His Thomas is a capable piece of portraiture and is shown in a strong light. But there can be no story about him, as we understand the word, so that a stiff and conventional piece of cloak-and-dagger stuff has been draped around. It is about a young English knight, called, naturally enough, Sir Piers Rudde, and his faithful henchman, whose name, of course, is Robin Cherrywoode, and they are both about as genuine as an Olde English Tea Shoppe and behave and talk exactly as such characters have done in every mediocre historical novel since Scott. There is an unlikely portrait of the Emperor Frederick II. and a series of crude snapshots of life with the Crusaders. Sir Piers goes through a great deal of ardour and endurance before he begins to live happily ever after with the lady for whom alone his faithful heart has beaten since page 45. Yet when we are watching and listening to the Saint himself, in conflict with his family, joining the Dominicans, disposing of the Manichees with the now famous line at the dinner-table of Louis IX., arguing brilliantly for the Mendicant Orders, blessed with the great and final vision which came to him before his death, we really feel that the author has known and loved his subject, and succeeded in his interpretation.

LOUIS DE WOHL

★

THE SURE THING.

By Merle Miller.
(*Lehmann ; 10s. 6d.*)

THIS is an uneven book about the Communist scare in the United States, which has been published rather aptly, and will make us once again say, with forced conviction and relief, that it can't happen here. 'Brad Douglas has a small post in the State Department at Washington, and since he has had some extreme Left Wing sympathies in the past, finds himself suddenly the subject of a witch hunt. The situation is not intrinsically a very interesting one, but we soon find that Mr. Merle Miller has come a long way since his first novel. He has developed a flair for communicating an almost unbearable suspense and carries his reader along with narrative which seems jet-propelled. But more important than these is his tolerant sympathy for a number of widely differing people, a certain sorrowfully warm-hearted way of viewing the modern world, without antagonism, despair or patronage, a truly detached yet wholly understanding view of life. His Brad Douglas is in some ways a stupid man, certainly without much bravery or grandeur of motive, but we watch the cruel trap close on him with more sympathy than we should have felt for an all-white hero. The women of the book are volatile and at times petty, but they are alive. The whole thing is well-balanced and without rancour.

MERLE MILLER

Books in Brief

PRIDE OF THE SOUTH.
By Elizabeth Siefert. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)

G.I. bride goes to live on the Mississippi with "a clan of proud but decaying aristocrats." A nice homely romance.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.
By Isabel C. Clarke. (*Hutchinson ; 18s.*)

The chronicle of a quietly eventful life, written with precision and detail. The effect is rather uninspiring. It is a little *What Katie Did* instead of *What Maria Was.*

MODERN ENGLISH BALLET.
By Fernau Hall. (*Melrose ; 20s.*)

Mr. Hall is nothing if not an enthusiast. He states roundly in his Introduction that English ballet has become "the finest in the world, from the creative point of view," and in this long, well-illustrated study does his best to prove it.

SHROUDED DEATH.
By H. C. Bailey. (*Macdonald ; 8s. 6d.*)

Another murder story with Joshua Clunk, the pharisaical solicitor, playing a part in the investigation. I find Clunk more dreary than droll.

★

THE GRASS IS SINGING.

By Doris Lessing. (*Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.*)

THE title of this book, like so many affected and inapt titles of present-day novels, is a phrase from a passage of Mr. T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and it is only fair to say that almost any string of words in the fifteen lines of that poem would have served as well. Why not *The Wind's Home*? Or *It Has No Windows*? Or *The Jungle Crouched*? Or even *Then Spoke the Thunder*? I am old-fashioned enough to hanker still for titles which have some hint of relevance.

This one is used for a story of quite considerable merit. It is gauche and self-conscious at times, but it has the blessed stamp of authenticity, it rouses something nearly as strong as pity, and it does not lag. It is about some Poor Whites of Southern Rhodesia, an unsuccessful, sanguine, hopelessly weak-willed farmer called Richard Turner, and his wife Mary. Miss Lessing cleverly reveals the wife before marriage and shows how poverty and loneliness tell on her nerves and character. She shows that the promise of Mary's tragedy is inherent in her, but she shows, too, how Mary's sense of wasted life and missed opportunities corrodes her will until she becomes a victim to a ghastly situation. Her downfall, seen through the eyes of her neighbours, is a shameless betrayal of the White Man's prestige, for she falls under the domination of a native called Moses. She is murdered and Moses is guilty, but Miss Lessing makes no secret of that, preferring to show us how it came about rather than work up any artificial suspense.

DORIS LESSING

★

THE MAN IN THE STRAW HAT.

By Maurice Chevalier. (*Odhams ; 12s. 6d.*)

THIS avoids nearly all the weakness of most autobiographies by famous stars of stage and screen. It is not packed with those tiresomely over-constructed funny stories about actors which always seem to end with some devastating piece of repartee. It is not boastful or self-congratulatory; it does not describe impossible hardships or unlikely contacts with Royalty. It is the eventful life-story of a hard-working man, and communicates some of the charm, the gaiety and—I must use the word—the *chic*, which belong to the Chevalier we have known for a quarter of a century.

He makes the story of his early struggles in Paris a positively exciting one. "My father," he says, "was a house painter and a drunk. My mother was a lace-maker, a saintly woman who brought ten children into the world." Maurice appeared on the music-hall stage as a small boy, so that his career as an artist has continued for fifty years, broken by his military service in the First World War. His sketches are chiefly of minor characters of the stage in London and Paris, rather than of great stars, but there is an intimate and unforgettable picture of Mistinguett.

MAURICE CHEVALIER

Most interesting, perhaps, to English readers will be the chapter "Between the Gestapo and the Maquis," in which M. Chevalier disposes effectively of silly and irresponsible attempts to slander him as a collaborator, on the sole evidence that he had agreed to sing to French prisoners of war in the camp in which he himself had been confined in 1917. He does not make, and does not need to make, any formal vindication of himself, but describes the events with characteristic wit and good humour.

ENCHANTMENT IN CAMERA

Photographed by P.M.U.

" THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED "—a war study of a Guards Armoured Division and of an Anglo-American friendship. Ralph Clanton (left) as the American, and Edward Underdown as the Englishman, with Helen Cherry.

" MOLTI SOGNI PER LE STRADA "—a modest little Italian film which grows on you, about an incident in the lives of a Roman family. Anna Magnani and Massino Girotti give fine performances in the leading parts.

THE CINEMA

★

REVIEWS by C. A. LEJEUNE

" THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED."

We are wont to complain that American films about the war, even when they deal with the European theatre, are apt to exclude any mention of Britain's share in the fighting; or, at best, slip in a perfunctory reference in export copies for the United Kingdom. Nobody can say that the British film, *They Were Not Divided*, pays the same discourtesy to the Americans. Although the piece is ostensibly a study of the training and action on the Western front of a Guards Armoured Division, much of it involves a broad hands-across-the-sea gesture. Not only does it bring the Guards, in the end, into the American sector of the line, but it couples an Englishman and an American in the leading rôles. The American has come over here to enlist, before Pearl Harbour; the Englishman joins the Guards on the same day. Their friendship is strengthened by leaves spent at the Englishman's home, confirmed by experiences shared at Falaise, at Nijmegen, on the triumphal entry into Brussels; and sealed by their deaths together in the snow, during Rundstedt's Christmas break-through in the Ardennes. The film ends, in fact, with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes drooping together over their graves, and a clear hint that Anglo-American unity is the implication of the title.

Although anything that makes for friendship between the two countries is, of course, admirable, one must candidly admit that the best parts of *They Were Not Divided* are those that stick to the Guards as a body; their training, their manœuvres, and their corporate share in the invasion. The early scenes of square-bashing and camp duties conducted under roaring and rigid discipline, are tremendously effective, and the later action scenes give a strong sense of the pounding, inhuman excitement of armoured battle. Much less satisfactory are the bits of sentiment and domestic chit-chat that break the middle section of the story, and personally I found the amatory interludes between the Englishman and his wife, the American and a girl whom he meets bathing in the nude, generally foolish and occasionally embarrassing.

The acting on the male side is very well looked after, although there is a tendency to let character merge into caricature at moments. The most striking performance comes from a tall newcomer called Edward Underdown, who plays the English Guardsman with a sensibility and sensitivity that it is hard to over-esteem. Ralph Clanton is pleasant and honest as the American, and Michael Trubshawe, as the Commanding Officer, manages to carry off a sensational moustache and a casual, almost amateur manner, without making the one seem laughable or the other inadequate. Regular customers, by the way, have long been familiar with the name of Trubshawe through its ironic introduction into every one of his friend David Niven's pictures. This, at last, is he.

" MOLTI SOGNI PER LE STRADA."

Molti Sogni per le Strada (" The Street Has Many Dreams ") is a modest little Italian film that I should hate to see overlooked in the excitement over such major works as *Bicycle Thieves* and *The Miracle*. It puts one in mind of *Four Steps in the Clouds*, which is not really surprising, since a young man called Piero Tellini wrote the stories of both pictures. He also wrote the stories of *Angelina* and *Vivere in Pace*, which add up to a far from negligible quartet. This Mr. Tellini obviously has a flair for getting under the skins of ordinary people, and finding the springs that make them work. His subjects are mainly peasants and artisans; working-class families struggling through hard and intensely realistic times. Not only has he observed them, but he loves them, with all their faults, and all their pretences, and all their dreams. His approach to his characters' problems is intelligent, rather than intellectual; he can be bitter when his wrath is up, but he has a tremendous sense of humour, which precludes acrimony and keeps the argument sane and sweet.

Molti Sogni is the story of an incident in the lives of a Roman family, when the young husband, an ex-soldier and out-of-work mechanic, makes a wild shot at stealing a profiteer's car and selling it. He has no joy at all in the affair, but his worried wife is nagging him, and his little boy is hungry. The shot doesn't come off, fortunately, and the film has a blessedly happy ending; which, by the way, seems to me the seal of Mr. Tellini's triumph, in that he is not afraid of being labelled a sentimentalist, and makes good people act according to their kind.

The film was largely shot in the streets of Rome and on the roads of Lazio, and all along the way there are delightful interludes. The performance is superb, with a scene at a village christening, in which a gnarled old reprobate of a godfather is smitten with repentance, taking the main honours. The little boy is charming, with that peculiarly touching gift of wise resignation that seems so characteristic of modern Italian children. The husband, played by Massino Girotti, is just right for taking audiences by the heart; neither too handsome to be true, nor too true to be handsome. The great Anna Magnani, as the talkative wife, shows her quality in nothing so much as her willingness to forget that she is the great Magnani, and leave the other characters with plenty of room to move. *Molti Sogni* is a film that grows on you, and I hope you 'll see it.

FILMS IN BRIEF

" THE INSPECTOR GENERAL."—Hollywood has gone to Gogol for the latest Danny Kaye story, but the star comes out of it better than the author. As a gypsy impostor for an emissary of Napoleon, he outsmarts not only a set of corrupt town councillors, but the producers of a patchy picture.

" THE DANCING YEARS."—Yes; if you like the Ivor Novello shows; yes, definitely. Music as soothing as a warm bath, colour that is gentle to the eye. Nice work on the distaff side from Gisele Preville, Patricia Dainton and Olive Gilbert, who repeats her stage rôle. Dennis Price tries, quite hard, to step into Ivor Novello's dressing-gown. It isn't a good fit. Pity.

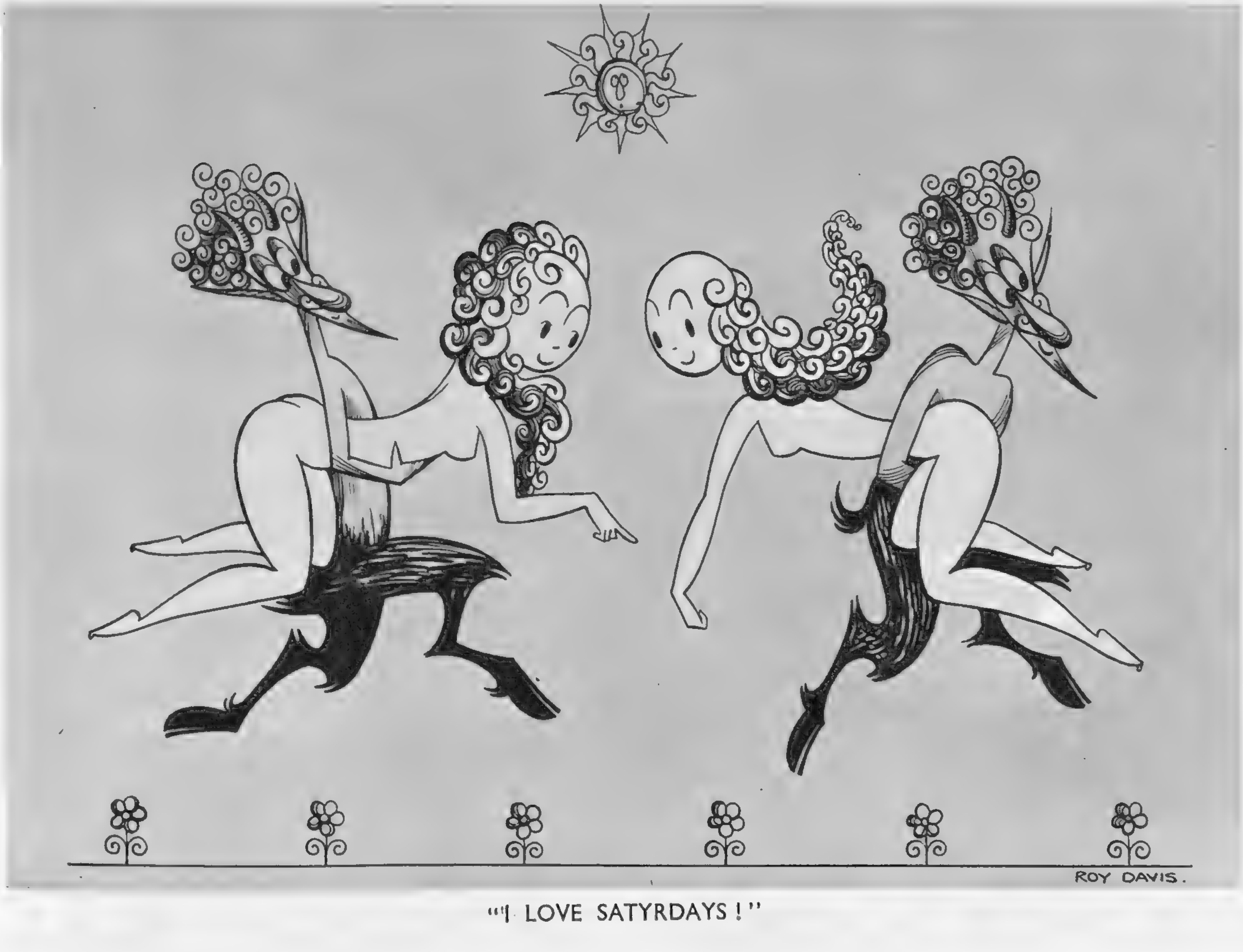
" UNDER MY SKIN."—John Garfield in a Hemingway story about a boy's adulation of his father, a crooked jockey. A film of passage, but Micheline Prelle (late Presle, of *Le Diable au Corps*) crooning attractive French nonsense in a nonsensical French nightclub is worth a pause.

" APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER."—Alan Ladd, as a member of the American Post Office police, efficiently investigates a case of mail robbery and murder, while our Phyllis Calvert, dressed up as a nun and all ready and waiting to act, rather unavailingly tries to get a toehold on the story.

" LES PARENTS TERRIBLES."—Jean Marais in a minor Cocteau foray into the various forms of moral degeneracy that can be practised within the limits of a generally well-meaning and respected family. Not a nice film, but Gabrielle Dorziot's beautifully poised performance gives it value. Use your judgment.

SATYRICAL BACKCHAT: By ROY DAVIS

"I SAY—WHERE'S MINE?"



"I LOVE SATYRDAYS!"

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.

CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

Cmdr. Edmond William Briggs, D.S.C., R.N., son of Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Briggs, Willow House, Biddestone, Wilts, and Janet Margaret, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Axford's Patch, Lacock, Wilts.

Hugh Michael, son of Sir Henry and Lady Self, 16, Vernon Terrace, Brighton, and Penelope Ann, daughter of the late Mr. John Drinkwater, and of Mrs. Drinkwater, of 208, Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, S.W.6.

Robert Charles Oetking, of the U.S. Legation, Beirut, Lebanon, and Nancy Jean, daughter of the late Sir Donald Maclean, and of Lady Maclean, 42, Gloucester Walk, W.8.

John Arthur, son of Mr. A. F. Raisen, Little Mount, Vine Avenue, Sevenoaks, and the late Mrs. Raisen, and Daphne Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Bargrave-Weaver, 8, Upper Brook Street, W.1.

H. Martin Renner, M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Renner, Elmwood House, Steep, Petersfield, and Elizabeth Allen Wilkie, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Walter E. Beazley, Reeds, Liss, Hampshire.

Norman Oliver Kendal, son of Sir Norman and Lady Kendal, of Chalfont St. Giles, and Anne Rosemary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davies, of Amersham.

Edmund Paul, son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Carlisle, South Bank, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, and Rosemary, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Nevill Thursby-Pelham, Meole Grange, Shrewsbury.

Frank Erskine, son of Sir Ernest A. S. Bell, 6, Fairacres, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15, and of the late Lady Bell, and Elizabeth Mary, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Henry Willink, K.C., Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and of Mrs. Willink.

Major Henry Hope Millward Marston, M.C., The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of the late Sydney Millward Marston, and of Mrs. I. Millward Marston, Old Oak Cottage, Staplecross, Sussex, and Prudence Jill, daughter of Sir Norman and Lady Smith, Cooksbridge, Sussex.

SPORT

RACING

April 25-28.	Newmarket 1st Spring.
,, 28, 29.	Ripon.
,, 29.	Hurst Park.
May 1, 2.	Leicester.
,, 3-6.	Chester.
,, 3, 4.	Sandown Park.
,, 5, 6.	Lingfield Park.
,, 8, 9.	Birmingham.
,, 9-11.	Newmarket 2nd Spring.

GENERAL SPORT

Fencing: Coronation Cup Competition and de Beaumont Cup Competition from May 5 to 7. England *v.* France (Ladies) at Hurlingham Club, May 8.

Rugby Football: Middlesex Seven-a-side Finals at Twickenham on April 29.

Association Football: F. A. Cup Final Tie at Wembley on April 29.

Golf: Open Junior Meeting (Boys and Girls under 18) at Burhill on April 26. Goldsmith Cup Open Amateur Meeting at Worplesdon on May 6.

Hockey: England *v.* Holland at Amsterdam, April 30.

Horse Shows: Royal Windsor Horse Show from May 11 to 13.

Lawn Tennis: Hard Court Championships of Great Britain at Bournemouth, May 1-6. Amateur Championships, April 28 to May 8.

Cricket: The season opens at Lord's and The Oval on April 29.

ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Old Favourites

"Oklahoma!" . . . . Drury Lane.
"Traveller's Joy" . . . Criterion.
"The Heiress" . . . Haymarket.
"Harvey" . . . . . . Piccadilly.
"Brigadoon" . . . His Majesty's.
"Worm's Eye View" . . Whitehall.
"Beaux' Stratagem" . . . . Lyric.
"On Monday Next" . . . Comedy.
"Young Wives' Tale" . . Savoy.
"King's Rhapsody" . . . Palace.
"Treasure Hunt" . . . . Apollo.
"A Streetcar Named Desire" . . . Aldwych.

Recent Choices

"Castle in the Air" (Adelphi)—Alan Melville's comedy, with Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne.

"Queen Elizabeth Slept Here" (Strand)—Jimmy Hanley and Rosalyn Boulter in light comedy.

"Venus Observed" (St. James's)—Christopher Fry's exquisite verse spoken by Laurence Olivier, Valerie Taylor, George Relph, Heather Stannard and Denholm Elliot.

"Ring Round the Moon" (Globe)—a soufflé by Jean Anouilh, translated by Christopher Fry, produced by Peter Brook and decorated by Oliver Messel; with Margaret Rutherford, Paul Scofield and Claire Bloom.

"Larger Than Life" (Duke of York's)—Jessie Royce Landis in adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel "Theatre."

"Take It From Here" (Prince of Wales)—Jimmy Edwards, Joy Nichols and Dick Bentley in a stage version of the radio success.

"The Way Things Go" (Phœnix)—Lonsdale comedy with Ronald Squire, Glynis Johns, Michael Gough.

"Mr. Gillie" (Garrick—Alastair Sim in Bridie's latest play.

"Home at Seven" (Wyndham's)—Ralph Richardson in R. C. Sherriff's latest play.

Just Arrived or Due Shortly

"Sauce Piquante" (Cambridge)—revue, with Moira Lister and Norman Wisdom. April 25.

"The Cocktail Party" (New)—T. S. Eliot's verse play, with Rex Harrison and Margaret Leighton. May 3.

Dorothy Lamour at the Palladium on May 8 for two weeks.

"Background" (Westminster)—by W. Chetham-Strode, with Valerie White and André Morell. May 17.

MUSIC

At the Albert Hall:

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Solo violin: Gioconda de Vito. April 26.

Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletzki. Soloist: Yehudi Menuhin. First performance in Europe of Schnabel's "Rhapsody." April 27.

Tchaikovsky programme: London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Basil Cameron. April 30.

First performance in Britain of Symphony No. 3 by Willem Pijper. London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eduard van Beinum. May 4.

World first performance of Concerto Grosso No. 2 for Strings by Alwyn. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Solo pianoforte: Moura Lympany. May 7. 3 p.m.

Tchaikovsky Commemoration Concert. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Fistoulari. May 7.

London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Rafael Kubelik. Solo violin: Yehudi Menuhin. May 10.

OPERA

At Sadler's Wells: First performance of a new production of "Hugh the Drover" will be given on May 9.

At Covent Garden: The Covent Garden Opera Company return to the Royal Opera House on May 3.

BALLET

At Covent Garden: Sadler's Wells Ballet bring a new ballet—"Ballabile"—into the repertory on May 5. Choreography by Roland Petit.

At Sadler's Wells: Ballet performances every Saturday matinée. Season ends on May 20.

At London Coliseum: International Ballet starts a six weeks' season on May 4 under the direction of Mona Inglesby. First performance of "Visions" created by Julian Algo with music by Mussorgsky. May 11.

ART

Burlington House: Royal Academy Summer Exhibition opens April 29.

The Tate: William Rothenstein Memorial Exhibition. May 4.

Victoria and Albert Museum: Exhibition of British Stage Design.

"In Paris Now" by contemporary French artists; at Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Until May 9.

Works by Angna Enters and by Cyril Mann, at 20, Brook Street, W.1. May 2-26.

Scenes de Ballet, at Wildenstein Gallery, 147, Bond Street. May 10-27.

Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours Spring Exhibition, at R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1.

Society of Mural Painters first exhibition, at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street. Until May 10.

SOCIAL

Red Hat Dinner Ball at the Dorchester on May 2. The Countess of Inchcape is chairman.

The Rose Ball at the Dorchester on May 10. Two-guinea tickets include dinner.

A Dinner-Ball at Claridge's in aid of the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship on May 15. The Duchess of Kent has promised to attend.

A Dinner-Ball at Claridge's in aid of the Rhodesia Fairbridge Memorial College on May 9.

CEREMONY

The King and Queen attend the Cup Final at Wembley on April 29. They visit the Festival of Britain South Bank site on May 2. On May 4 they hold an evening presentation party at Buckingham Palace.

The King and Queen visit the National Institute for Medical Research, Mill Hill, on May 5. They will be at the British Industries Fair on May 9.

The Queen launches the new Ark Royal Carrier at Birkenhead on May 3. She visits the British Red Cross at Grosvenor Gardens on May 8, and the Middle Temple on May 9.

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4 *One side navy, one side white, rough straw cloche, with a split turn-back brim and white feather mount. Condor model: 6 gns. from Liberty.*

5 *Crisp black straw, lined with buttermilk yellow crêpe to frame the face. A Hugh Beresford model at Brights of Bournemouth.*

6 *Beret in fine hand-stitched pedal straw, trimmed with a bunch of thistles. "Teen and Twenty" hat created by Aage Thaarup. £4 at Jenners, Edinburgh.*

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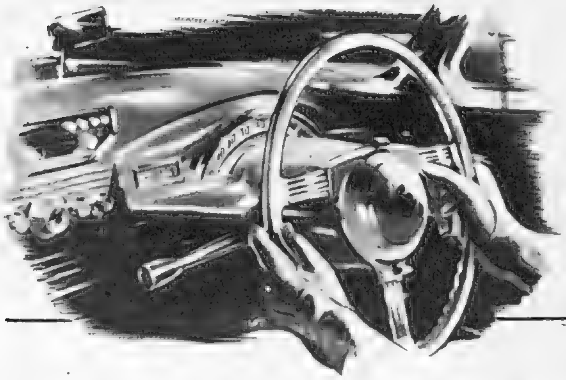

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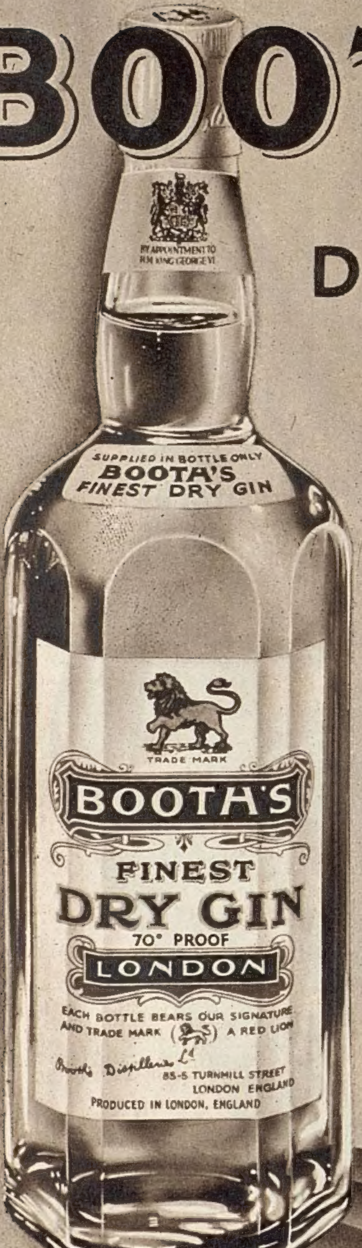

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